

SHOP HORROR: DREDD HITS THE ROOF!

PROG 495
8 NOV 86

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

£1.80 Malaysia
70c Australia
72c New Zealand
(inc. G.S.T.)
88g Mercury
210g Venus
98g Mars
110g Saturn
2g Pluto
629g Neptune

26p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY



GAME'S
UP,
PHANTOM!

NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

This magnificent prog welcomes the return of one of 2000 AD's all-time favourite characters: ROGUE TROOPER. The blue-skinned Genetic Infantryman is as popular as ever with the Squaxx dek Thargo, even though he hasn't featured in a story in my cosmic comic since Prog 449, and I am delighted to be able to bring you a thrill-news bulletin about him. First, the bad news: his return is short-lived. Rogue will only grace the pages of the galaxy's greatest for five weeks, to help get your circuits into condition for the legendary Prog 500. Next, the good news: Rogue's place in that very same legendary 500th issue will be filled with 20 weeks' worth of future war - BAD COMPANY, a scrotnig new thrill. And the zarjaz news? When one thrill dies, another thrill takes its place...Rogue will be back in 21 weeks - and this time, he'll be staying for good!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

DREDD'S DARK SECRET

No 10



Drawn by Earthlet Rowan
Thompson, Musselburgh.
£10 Winner.

HE'S BACK!



Drawn (on a ZX Spectrum) by Earthlet Bryan
Sturdy, Hatfield. £10 Winner.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, THE COMMAND MODULE, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is.....

495

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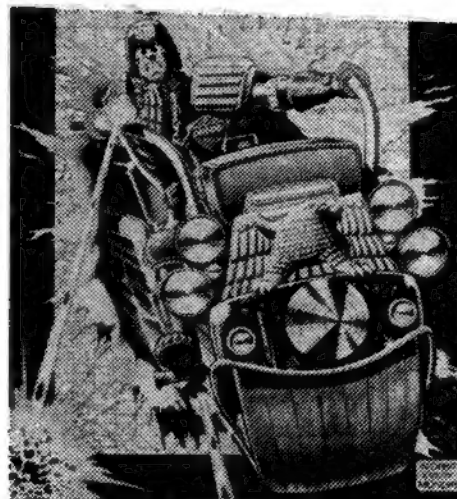
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JUDGE DREDD



NU EARTH, THE WAR-TORN
PLANET AT THE EDGE OF
THE GALAXY, ITS LANDSCAPE
WREATHED IN CHEM-CLOUDS...

NU EARTH, WHERE THE GENETIC INFANTRYMAN ROGUE
TROOPER IS ONCE MORE PREPARING FOR ACTION!

LISTEN GOOD...
THERE'S NORTS
AND WORSE IN
THIS SECTOR AND
WE DON'T WANT
TO BE CAUGHT
NAPPING!

SO
CHECK YOUR
WEAPONS...

...AND
LOOK
ALIVE!

NOW I KNOW
ROGUE'S CRAZY!

PLAYING
SOLDIERS
WITH
CORPSES!

AND
TALKING
TO
THEM!

ROGUE TROOPER

BACK IN ACTION

WHAT'S
GOING ON,
ROGUE?

WE'VE
BEEN HIT
TWICE SINCE
WE RETURNED
TO NU EARTH.
NOW IT'S OUR
TURN...

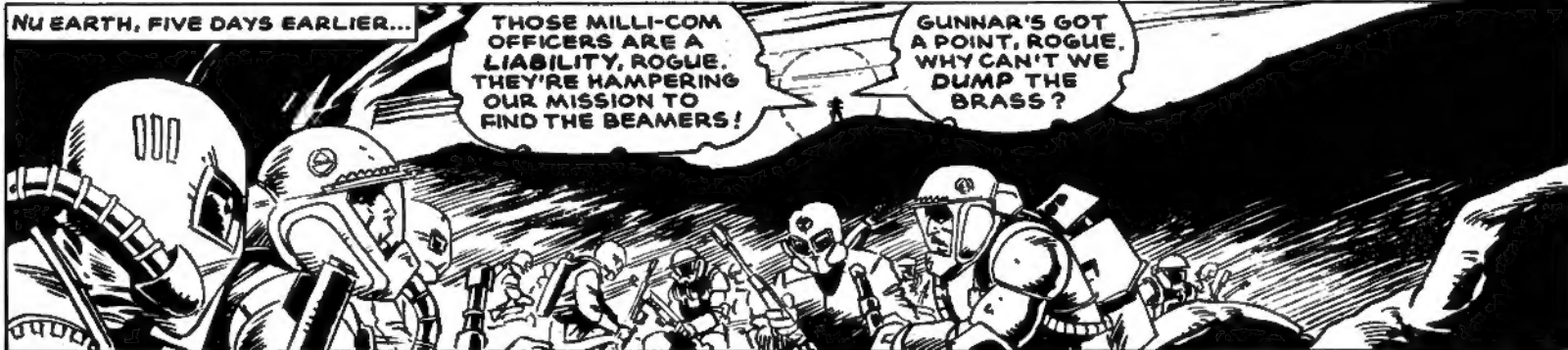
WHEN THOSE
BEAMERS
TOUCH DOWN,
THEY'RE GONNA
STRIKE OUT!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GELLER/MACMANUS
ART ROBOT
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING ROBOT
GORDON ROBSON
COMPU-73e

NU EARTH, FIVE DAYS EARLIER...

THOSE MILLI-COM OFFICERS ARE A LIABILITY, ROGUE. THEY'RE HAMPERING OUR MISSION TO FIND THE BEAMERS!

GUNNAR'S GOT A POINT, ROGUE. WHY CAN'T WE DUMP THE BRASS?

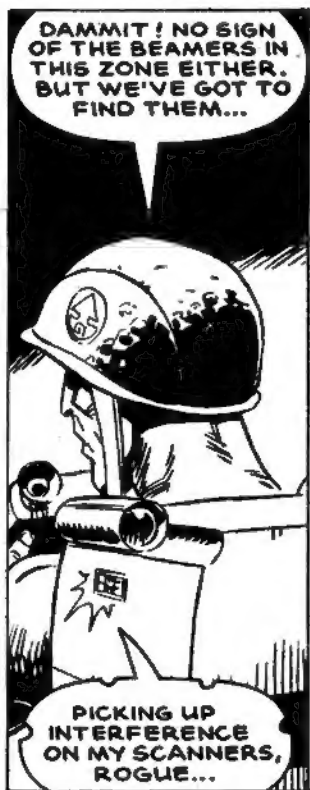


DAMMIT! NO SIGN OF THE BEAMERS IN THIS ZONE EITHER. BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM...

YOU KNOW WHY, HELM... "ORDERS"!



PICKING UP INTERFERENCE ON MY SCANNERS, ROGUE...



...I THINK THEY'VE FOUND US!

WHAT TH—?



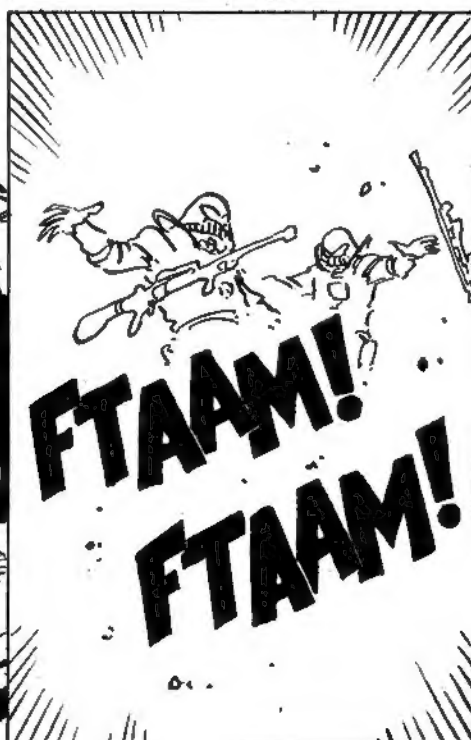
AAAAAAH!



DO SOMETHING, ROGUE...

NO TIME! THEY'RE BEGINNING TO BEAM OUT AGAIN!







"WHAT DO YOU WANT CORPSES FOR...?"



THEY'RE BAIT FOR THE BEAMERS, MAKE THEM THINK WE'RE IN CAMP. BUT WHEN THEY ATTACK, IT'LL BE US SPRINGING THE SURPRISE!

I GET IT. WE'RE GONNA WIPE 'EM OUT!



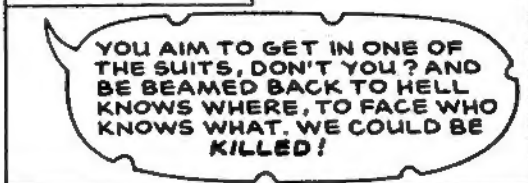
WRONG, GUNNAR, WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHERE THEIR BASE IS. FIND OUT WHAT THEY'VE DONE WITH THE GENIES!

AND HOW YOU GONNA DO THAT, ROGUE? JUST WALK UP AND ASK 'EM, I SUPPOSE?



NO NEED TO, BAGMAN. HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW, EVEN WHEN THEY'RE DEAD THEY CAN STILL BEAM OUT? MY GUESS IS THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S THE SUIT WHICH IS BEING TELEPORTED!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, ROGUE...



YOU AIM TO GET IN ONE OF THE SUITS, DON'T YOU? AND BE BEAMED BACK TO HELL KNOWS WHERE, TO FACE WHO KNOWS WHAT. WE COULD BE KILLED!



YOU'RE DEAD ALREADY IN CASE YOU'D FORGOTTEN, GUNNAR.



NO TIME TO ARGUE ABOUT IT, GUYS...



THEY'RE HERE!

Next: Prog

BEAM ME UP...

SOONER
OR
LATER

MICKY SWIFT HAS ESCAPED FROM THE BOARDROOM WITH THE FLY ON THE WALL - LITTLE KNOWING THAT HE WILL NOW BE WAYLAIED BY A PIECE OF GRATUITOUS TOPICALITY...

BY
Malignant
Cartist
VOT
FRAMBO

WHERE ARE
WE, FLY?

THE HOUSE OF CONMEN - A KIND OF
SANITORIUM FOR POOR SOULS WHO
JUST CAN'T STOP TALKING...

ORDAH!

SO WHAT
DO THEY
TALK ABOUT?

HEEYAR
HEEYAR!

OH, NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.
ANYTHING, REALLY. THEY
SUFFER SEVERE PERSONALITY
PROBLEMS IF THEY GO A FEW
MINUTES WITHOUT HEARING
THEIR OWN VOICES. SEE.

AND WHO ARE THESE?
POLITICAL JOURNALISTS?

THEY'RE THE BONFIRE KNIGHTS.
EVERY YEAR IT'S THE SAME...

THEY ATTACK THE
HOUSE OF CONMEN...

...VIOLENCE EXPLODES.
BLOOD FLOWS. IT'S EVERY
ANIMAL FOR HIMSELF.

NOTHING EVER
CHANGES. IT'S AN
ANNUAL EVENT.

REMINDS ME
OF AN OLD
TRADITION
BACK IN
ENGLAND...

YOU MEAN
GUY FAWKES
NIGHT?

ACTUALLY, I WAS
THINKING OF THE START
OF THE FOOTBALL
SEASON.

NEXT
GORDON
BENNET

INTRODUCING THE TREMENDOUS TRIO

CHARLES 'THE BRAIN'
HENRY 'MUSCLES'
AND
PETER K. BOT

CHARLES, HENRY AND PETER K. BOT
HAVE BEEN TAKEN OUT OF THEIR
BOX TO SORT OUT AN URGENT
PROBLEM. THERE IS A ROGUE
VACUUM CLEANER RUNNING WILD
IN THE LIVING ROOM, AND THE
MISSION IS TO **SEEK OUT
AND DISABLE!!**

RIGHT, MEN,
GO GET IT!

HERE'S WHAT
WE'RE GOING
TO DO, BOYS.

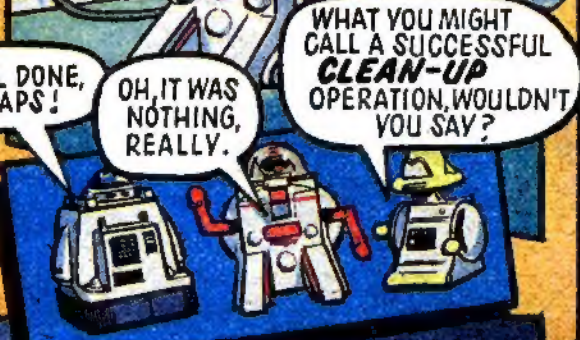
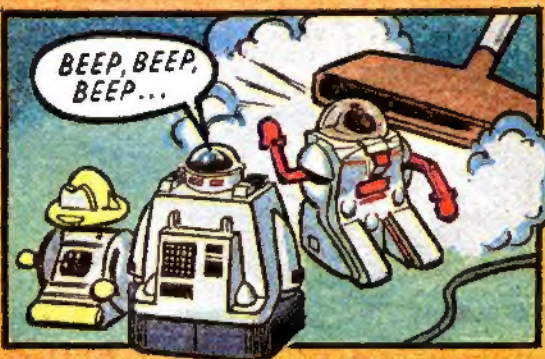
LOOK
OUT!

LEAVE IT
TO ME.

WELL DONE,
CHAPS!

OH, IT WAS
NOTHING,
REALLY.

WHAT YOU MIGHT
CALL A SUCCESSFUL
CLEAN-UP
OPERATION, WOULDN'T
YOU SAY?



CHARLES is the brain one. He can sing, dance, draw and write. His infra-red remote control means that you can operate him from up to 40 feet away. And his long memory (four commands) can also be programmed.

HENRY's got brains and muscle. He moves on tough tank tracks and his two arms can hold thin objects. He has a 48-command programmable memory governed by a 25-key on-board keyboard.

PETER K. BOT can sing and dance and move round in funny circles. His arms can carry light things and his memory can be programmed with up to 18 commands.

Ask those nice people at Systema about where you can buy Charles (CR200), Henry (CR300) and Peter K. Bot (CR400). Post the coupon today.

Name _____
Address _____

AD8/11

SYSTEMA COMPUROBOTS

YOUR FRIENDLY BRAIN TEASERS

Systema (UK) Ltd, 12 Albury Close, Loverock Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG3 1BB Tel: (0734) 502223

Slaine

WE COULD SEE OUR REFLECTIONS IN THE SKY AS WE CROSSED THE SACRED LANDSCAPE OF ALBION... THE GIANT WHOSE FIGURE MARKED THE BEGINNING AND END OF THE CELESTIAL CIRCLE...

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN BE BOTHERED GOING ON WITH THIS QUEST...



...IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME, BUT IT'S TOO MUCH EFFORT.

THAT'S BECAUSE THE HEAVENLY INFLUENCE OF THE SIGN IS AFFECTING YOU, SLAINE...

ALBIONS START OFF WITH GOOD INTENTIONS, BUT GET BORED EASILY AND WANT TO MOVE ON...

SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: CHILLING/FRANCO
LETTERING: STEVE POTTER



THAT IS YOUR TASK HERE... TO OVERCOME THE WANDERER IN YOU.

FOR A KING CANNOT BE A DRIFTER. HE HAS RESPONSIBILITIES TO HIS TRIBE...



LIKE ALBION, YOU MUST BEAR THE WEIGHT OF THE STARS AND FINISH WHAT YOU HAVE BEGUN.



IF HE WANTS TO BE BURDENED BY THE HEAVENS—MORE FOOL HIM. I WAS NEVER THAT INTERESTED IN BEING A KING, ANYWAY.

BUT THINK OF ALL THE GOOD YOU COULD DO!



NEHHH! IT'S NO USE APPEALING TO SLAINE'S BETTER NATURE, DEAR—HE HASN'T GOT ANY.

THINK OF THE TREASURE, SLAINE... THE SPOILS OF ANNWN!

YOU KEEP IT, DWARF. I'M NOT INTERESTED.



THINK OF THE FAME... THE PRESTIGE ... YOU'LL BECOME... A LEGEND!

H'MM...



WELL? WHAT ARE WE STANDING ABOUT HERE FOR? LET'S GET ON WITH IT.



YOU SEE? THAT'S THE WAY TO DEAL WITH HEROES. APPEAL TO THEIR EGOS!



ESPECIALLY SLAINE'S. HE'S GOT THE PRIDE OF A LION.

AND IT IS A LION HE MUST FIGHT NEXT. 'THOUGH, TO BE VICTORIOUS, HE WILL NEED A VIRTUE THAT I FEAR HE LACKS...

IT WAS NO ORDINARY LION WE FOUND, BUT AN ENCHANTED BEAST, LAUGHING OVER ITS VICTIMS, ITS MOUTH DRIBBLING BLACK VENOM...



LET'S SEE IF IT'S STILL LAUGHING AFTER IT'S TASTED 'BRAINBITER'!

BUT THE FRIGHTFUL
CREATURE'S Pelt WAS
PROOF AGAINST IRON...

BRONZE...

...AND
STONE.



SATISFIED THE HUMAN HAD DONE ITS PATHETIC
BEST, THE MONSTER ATTACKED... RAKING
SLAINE WITH ITS CLAWS...



... THE PAIN AND ANGER BROUGHT ON SLAINE'S WARP-SPASM AND HE BEGAN HOWLING HORRIBLY... WARPING EARTH POWER THROUGH HIMSELF...

... SWELLING UP INTO A MONSTROUS, SHAPELESS THING...

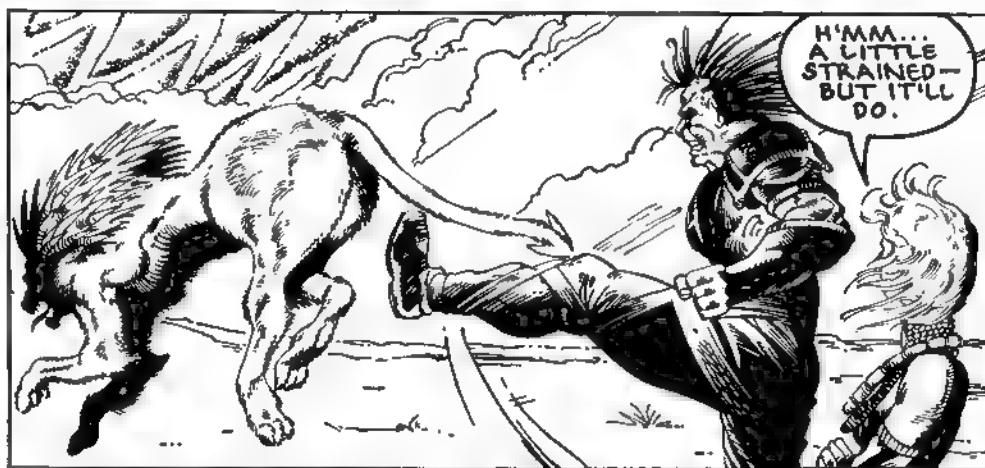
SPURTS OF EARTH-FIRE FLICKERED AROUND HIM, AND A SPOUT OF BLACK BLOOD ROSE MAGICALLY FROM HIS HEAD.

... THAT WOULD HAVE TWISTED ROUND IN ITS SKIN OR BURST APART — BUT FOR THE CORDS AND STRAPS AND STRINGS OF THE HERO-HARNESS.

SOTH!
I HAVE SEEN
SLAINE'S BATTLE
MADNESS BEFORE...
BUT NEVER ONE
LIKE THIS...

YES...
REPULSIVE,
ISN'T
IT?



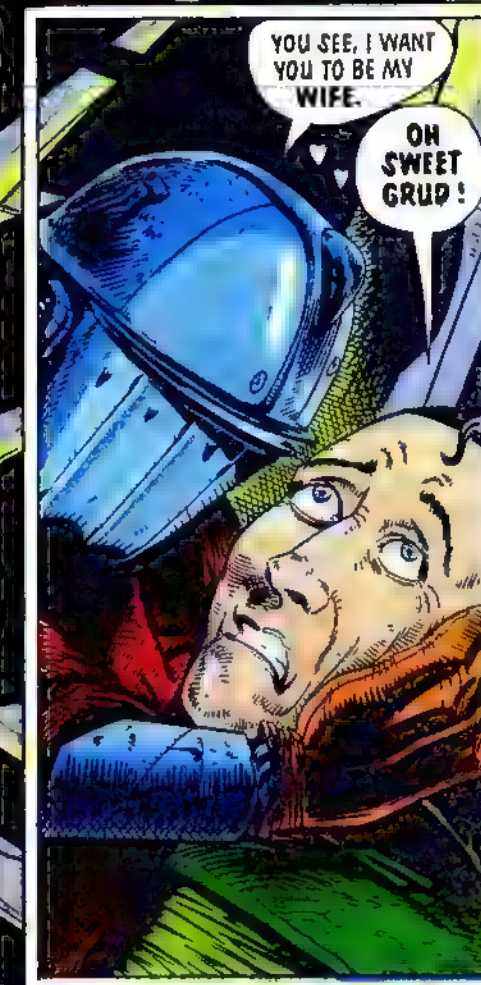
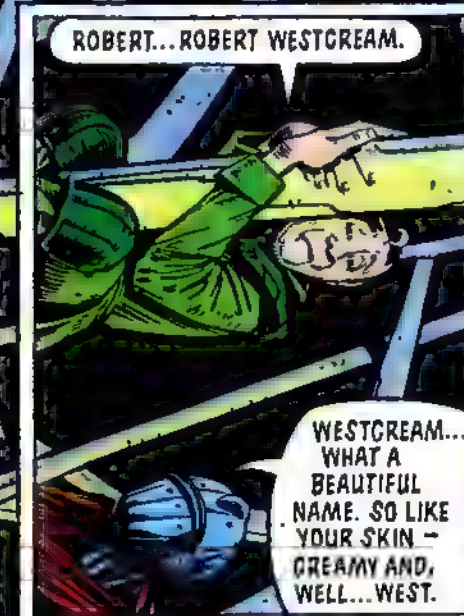
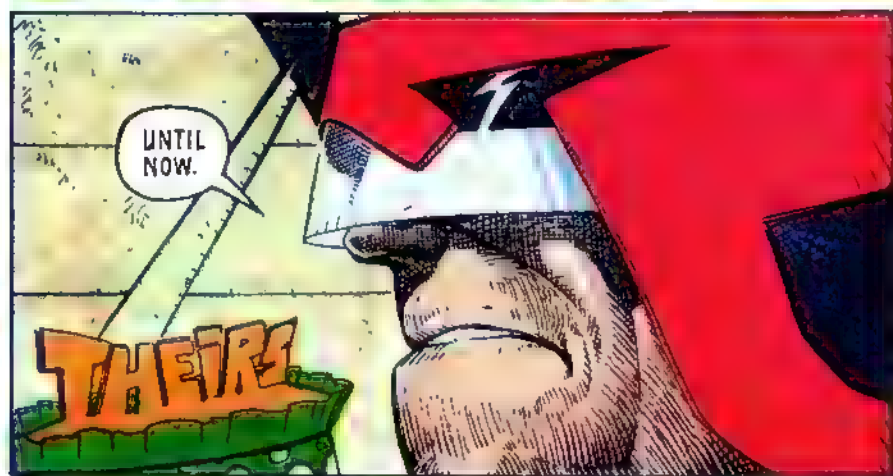
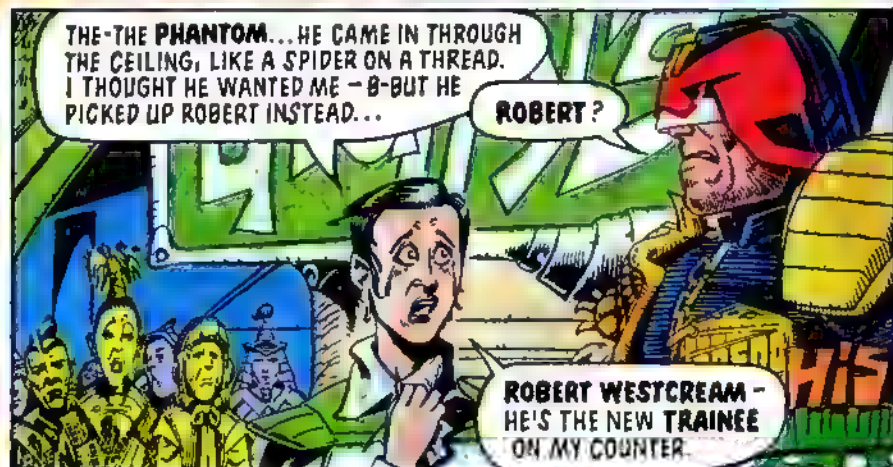


JUDGE DREDD

PHANTOM OF THE SHOPPERA PART TWO

NOW
CALM DOWN,
CITIZEN.
TELL ME
EXACTLY
WHAT
HAPPENED.

SCRIPT
WAGNER / GRANT
ART
JOHN HIGGINS
LETTERING
TOM FRANK



BUT HARK! EVEN AS MY LOVE AND I SAVOUR
THIS MOMENT OF TENDERNESS, I HEAR
DANGER APPROACHING FROM BELOW...



MY POOR MISGUIDED DARLING. HE HAS NOT
YET LEARNED TO TRUST ME.

P-PUT ME DOWN!

HUSH,
MY LOVE!



ROBERT
WESTCREAM!



ROBERT
WESTCREAM!

UP HERE!
UP HERE!



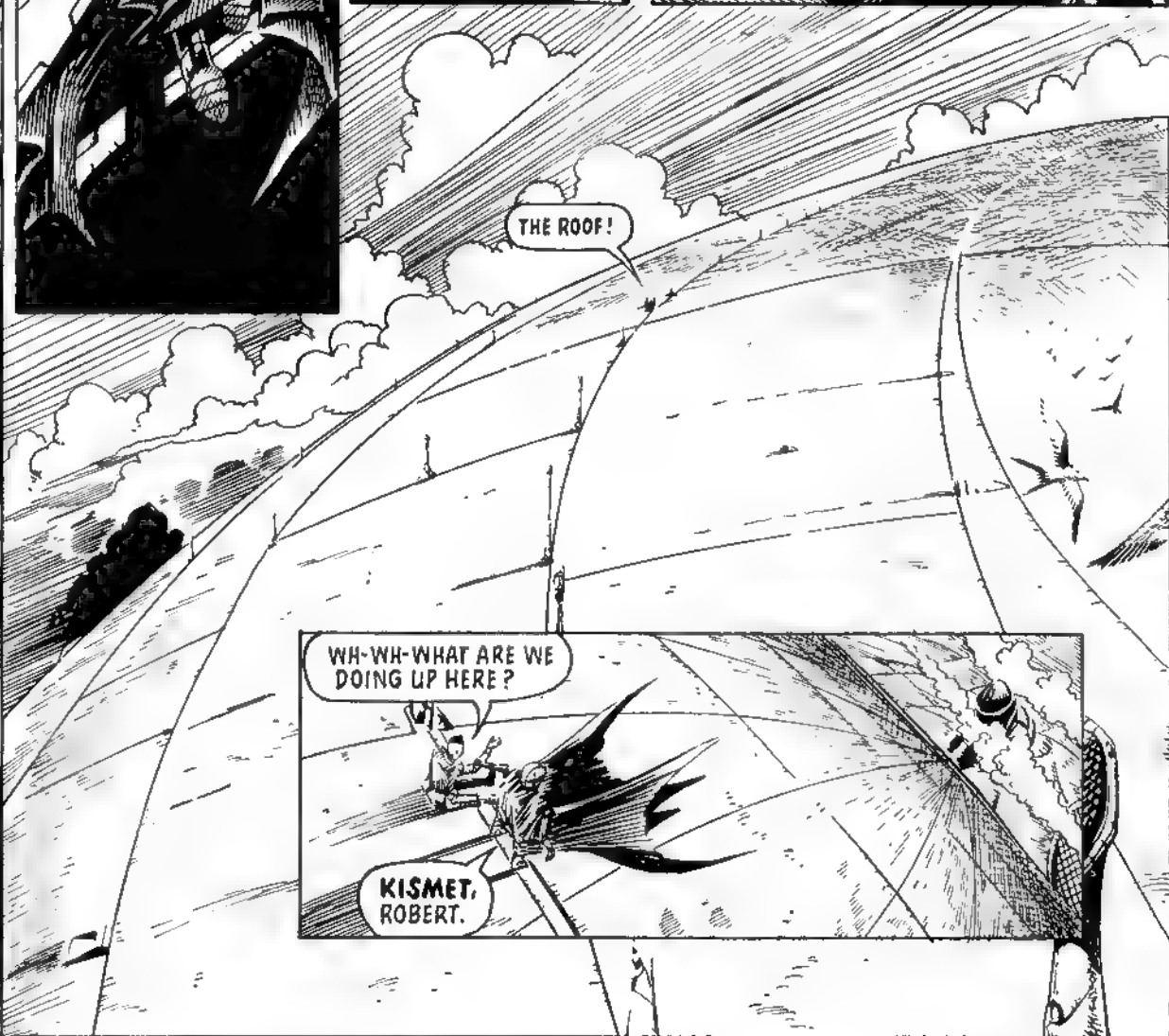
DROKK! THE PHANTOM—
HE'S A ROBOT!



SPTANGGGG!

YOU UP THERE!
THIS IS
JUDGE DREDD!
I'M ORDERING
YOU TO HALT!





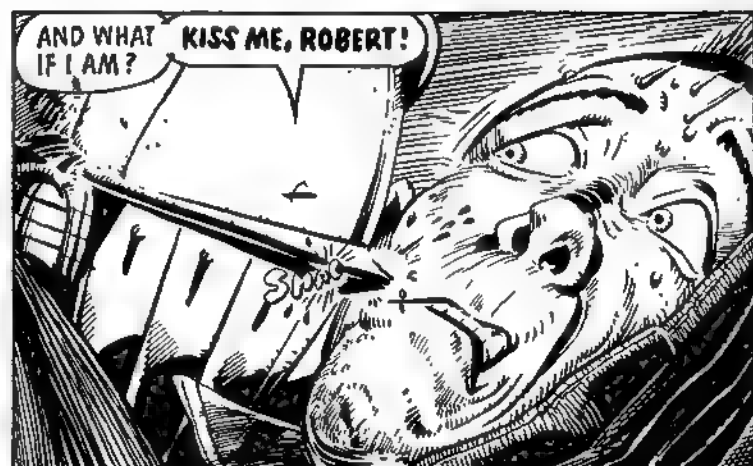


WHY DO THEY PERSECUTE US, MY DARLING? IS THERE SOMETHING SO **WRONG** ABOUT OUR LOVE?

YES!

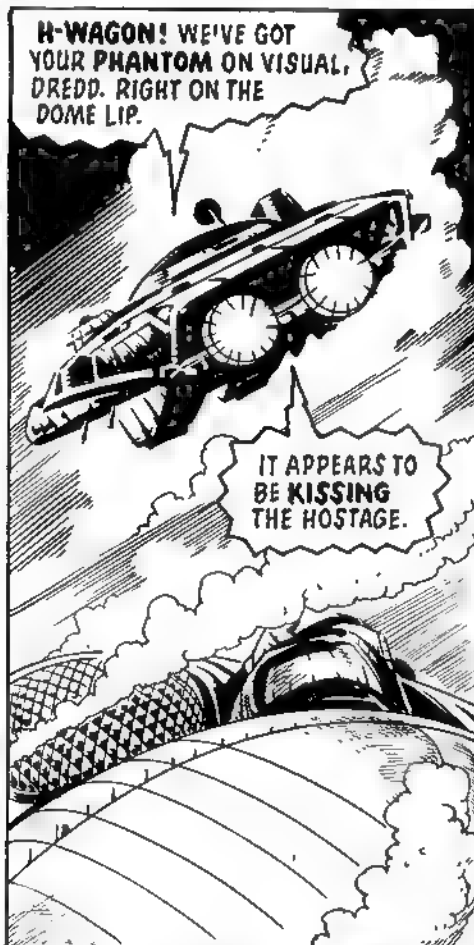
BARELY KINDLED - AND ALREADY THEY TRY TO SNUFF IT OUT. PRUDES AND PHILISTINES! CAN THEY NOT SEE WE WERE **MADE** FOR EACH OTHER?

YOU'RE OFF YOUR **ROCKER**, ROBOT!



AND WHAT IF I AM?

KISS ME, ROBERT!



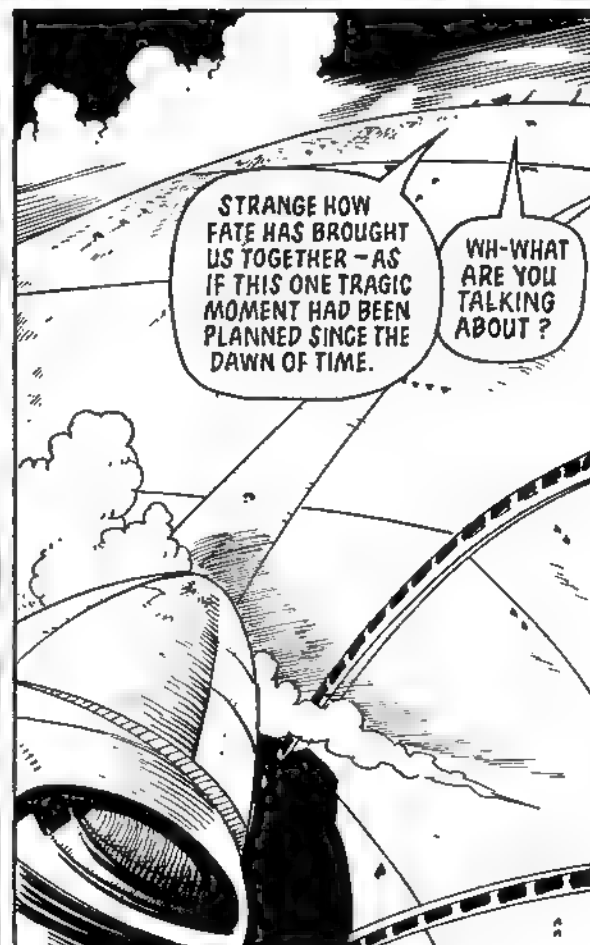
H-WAGON! WE'VE GOT YOUR **PHANTOM** ON VISUAL, DREDD. RIGHT ON THE **DOME LIP**.

IT APPEARS TO BE **KISSING** THE HOSTAGE.



CAN YOU GET A SHOT AT IT?

NEGATIVE. HOSTAGE IS IN OUR LINE OF FIRE. WE'RE MOVING ROUND TO GET A BETTER **ANGLE**.



STRANGE HOW FATE HAS BROUGHT US TOGETHER - AS IF THIS ONE TRAGIC MOMENT HAD BEEN PLANNED SINCE THE **DAWN** OF TIME.

WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

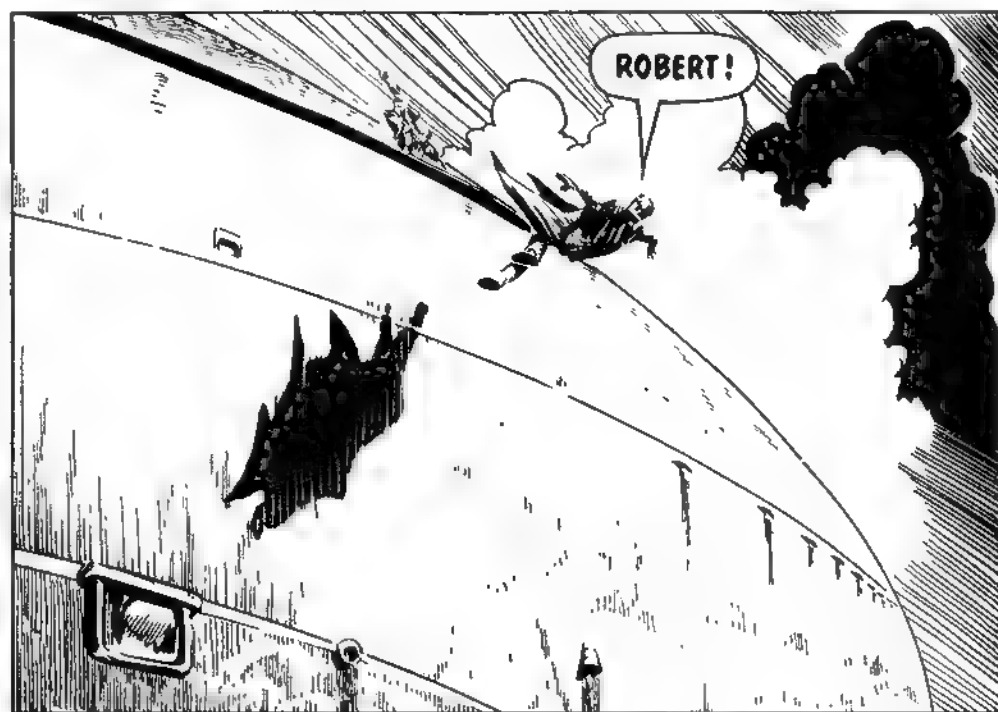


I SEE NOW THAT WE CAN NEVER BE TOGETHER, SWEET ROBERT - SWEET WESTGREAM -

NOT IN THIS LIFE...

BUT WE CAN MAKE SURE WE ARE NEVER SEPARATED AGAIN!

Y-YOU CAN'T M-MEAN -



THE END.

HE FELT THE EYES ON HIS
BACK BEFORE HE WAS A MILE
FROM THE FROGETT PLACE.



Strontium DOG

INCIDENT
ON MAYGER
MINOR **PART 6**

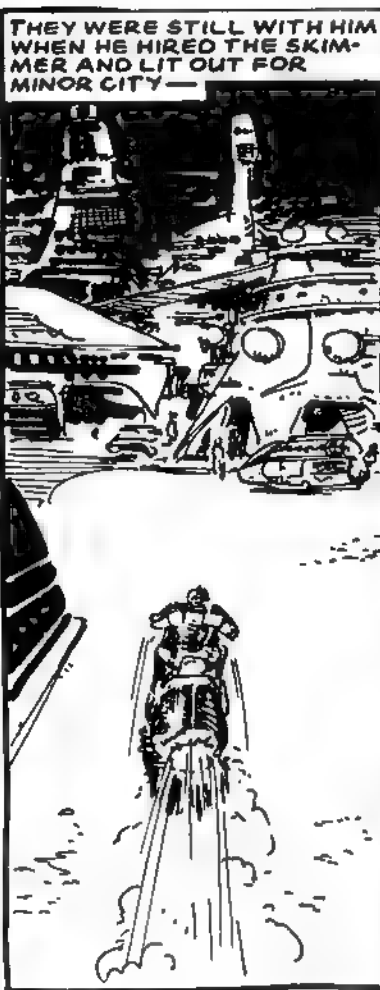
HE SCANNED THE HILLSIDE TILL
HE FOUND THEM. TWO OF THEM.
GOOBERS, NO DOUBT.

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Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
A. GRANT
ART ROBOT
C. SZOVERRA
LETTERING ROBOT
G. ROBSON
COMPU-73c

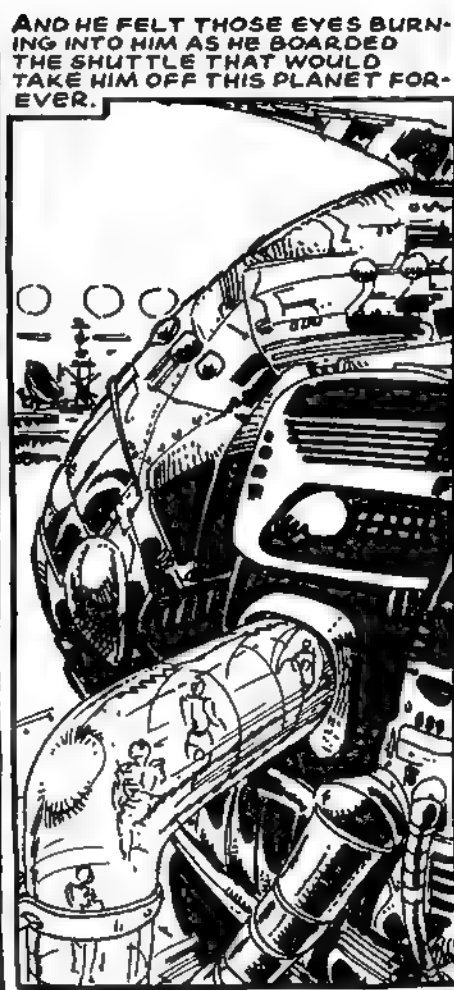
THEY STAYED WITH HIM ALL THE WAY TO THE TOWNSHIP, WHERE HE SENT THE MORK BACK TO YOUNG SCROGGIE FROGETT.



THEY WERE STILL WITH HIM WHEN HE HIRED THE SKIMMER AND LIT OUT FOR MINOR CITY —



AND HE FELT THOSE EYES BURNING INTO HIM AS HE BOARDED THE SHUTTLE THAT WOULD TAKE HIM OFF THIS PLANET FOREVER.



YOU SURE HE'S GONE, WHIPPY?



FOLLOWED HIM ALL THE WAY, POP. ME 'N SNAPE SAW HIM GET ON THAT SHUTTLE WITH OUR OWN EYES!

YOU SEE IT TAKE OFF, BOY?



I SURELY DID, POP. HE'S GONE!

SO WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GO GET THEM FROGS!




I DUNNO, CHINKY... WHAT IF ALPHA COMES BACK LIKE HE SAID? HE'LL KILL ME!









ACE TRUCKING CO
Any space
Any time

AND EXTRACTS A DISGUSTING LITTLE BALL OF FOUL-SMELLING MATTER—

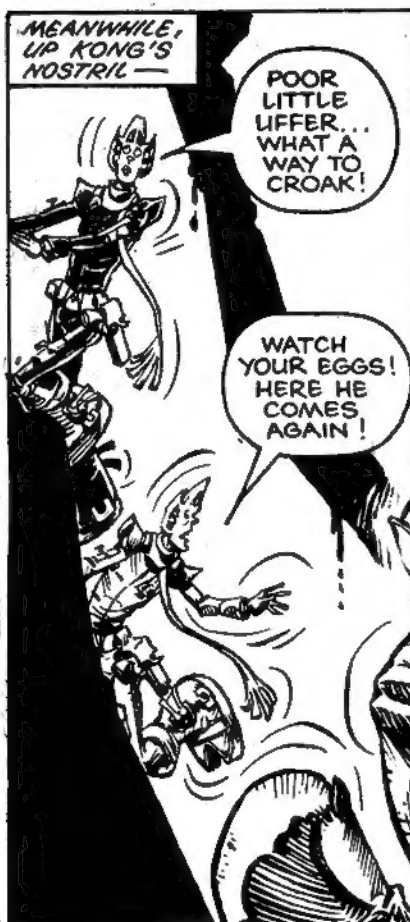


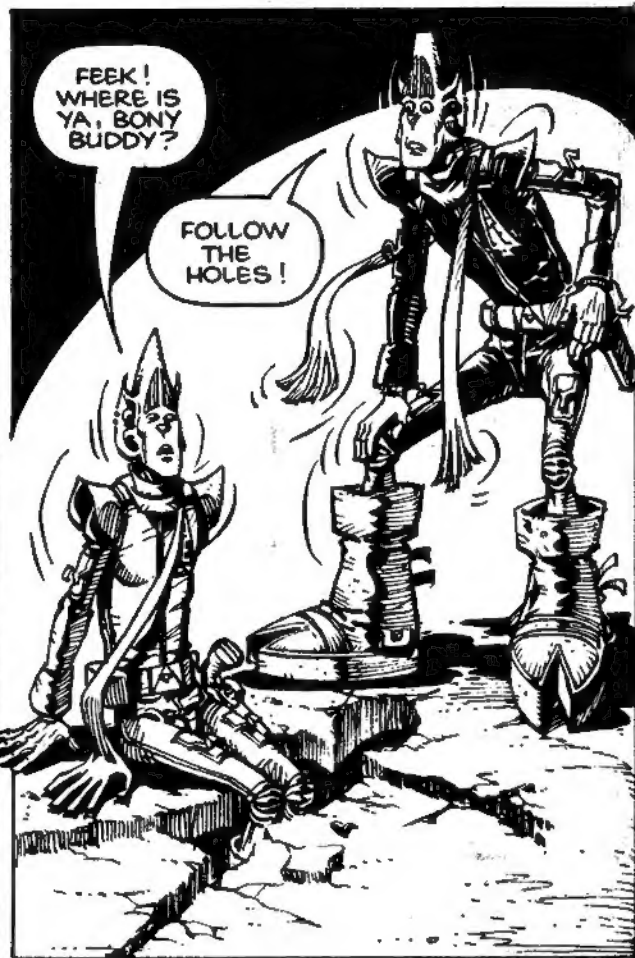
IN HORRORVILLE, STATE OF MOVIEOLA, A MOMENT OF MOVIE HISTORY AS KING KONG PICKS HIS NOSE—

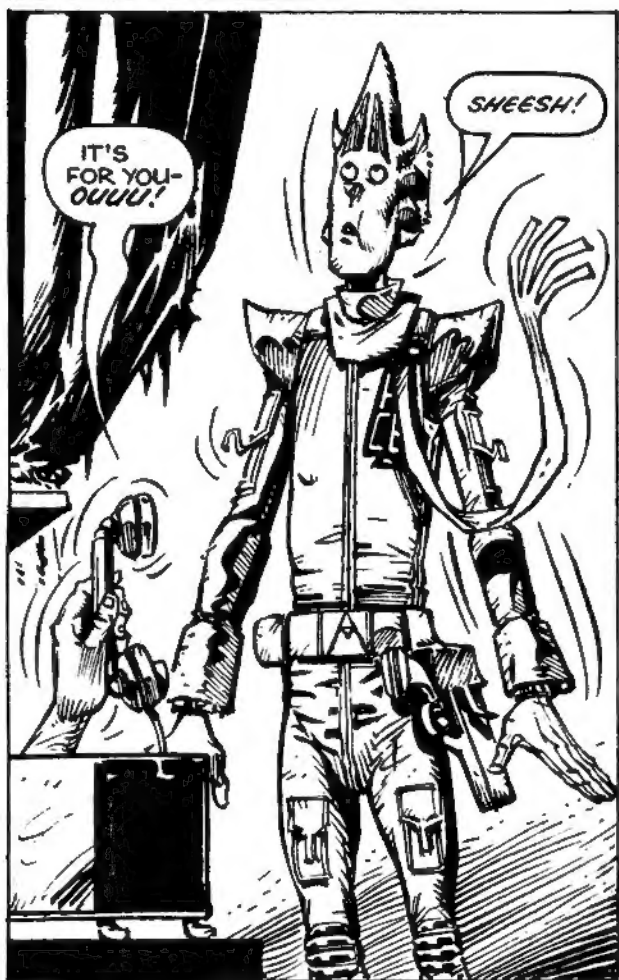
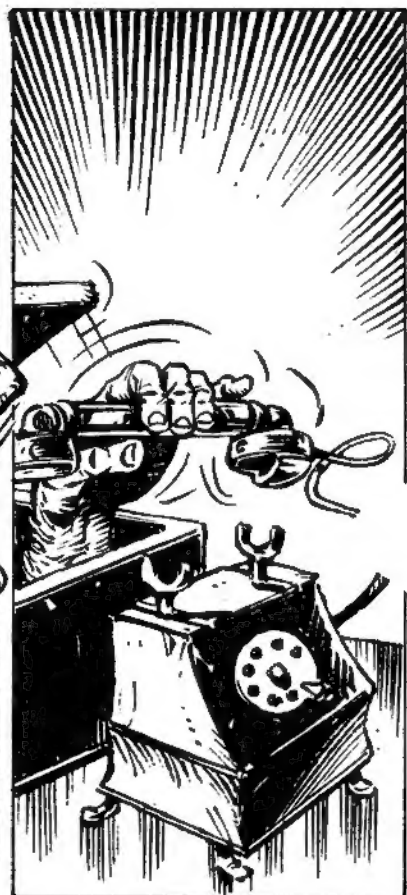



BEEP CRUMP!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBOT
BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT
T JACOB
COMPU-73



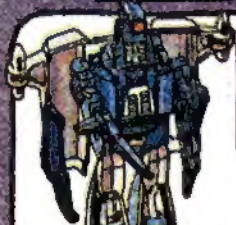




THE TRANSFORMERS™ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE FORMERS



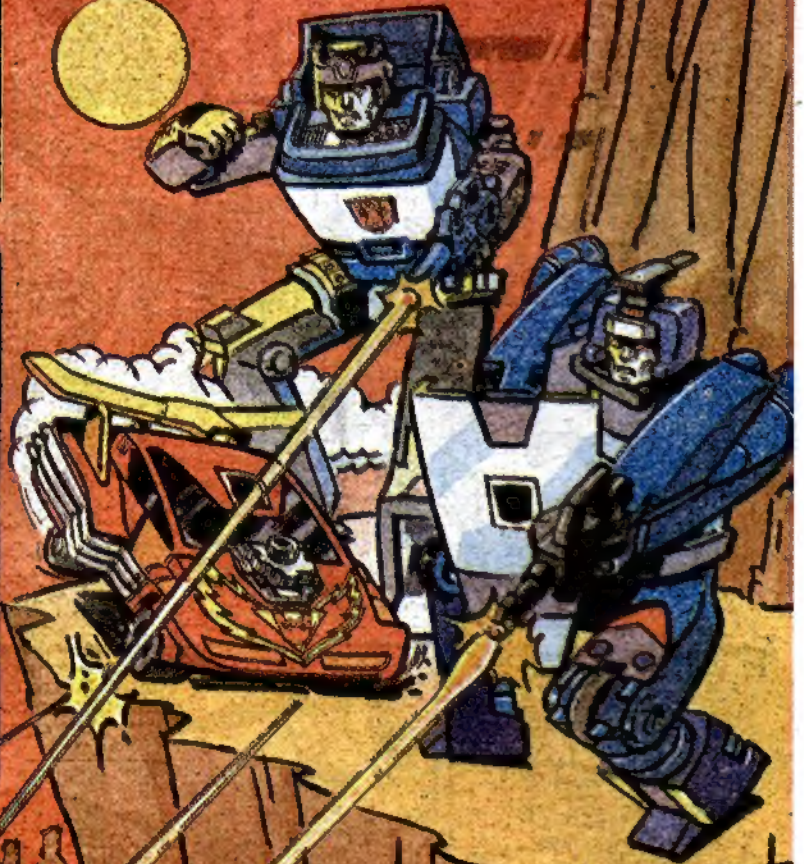
NEW DECEPTICONS



CYCLONUS
NO KNOWN WEAKNESS
AND HELL-BENT ON
DESTRUCTION.



SCOURGE
A FEARSOME, MERCILESS,
HI TECH HUNTER.



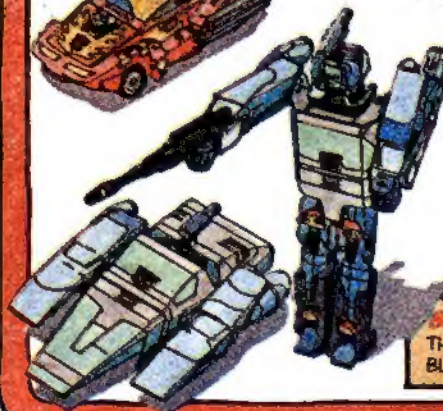
NEW AUTOBOTS



HOT ROD
A BRAVE, HOT HEADED
YOUNG HERO.



KUP
A VETERAN
CAMPAIGNER AND
BATTLE-
HARDENED WARRIOR.



BLURR
THOROUGHbred RACER.
BLINK AND YOU'LL MISS HIM!

WOKINGHAM,
BERKSHIRE



THEY'RE IN THE SHOPS NOW!